

IN Washington the man primarily responsible for the urgent task of co-ordinating Anglo-American Middle Eastern policy is Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., the tall and forceful son of the ex-President.

As Mr. Dulles's Under-Secretary of State, he is responsible for political and administrative



HERBERT HOOVER, Jr.

duties corresponding to those performed in Whitehall by Lord Reading, Mr. Anthony Nutting, and Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the Ministers of State and permanent head of the Foreign Office.

Mr. Hoover is a relative newcomer to diplomacy. He received his first official appointment from Mr. Dulles on September 12, 1953, when he became the American Government consultant on the Persian oil dispute—a job that he performed with striking success.

His lack of official experience is offset by his cosmopolitan career. He was born in London fifty-three years ago and his first childhood memory is of riding into an Australian town on wagon full of gold. Since then he has devoted much of his life to oil-prospecting and electronics.

The United States has not always been well served by its Middle Eastern experts, but Mr. Hoover combines wide local knowledge with a considerable fund of common sense. He will need every bit of it.

#### Tercentenary

IT was in 1656 that Thomas, Lord Wentworth was ordered by Prince Charles to form and command "The Royal Regiment of Guards." No exact date has been assigned to this order, and so the Grenadier Guards' tercentenary celebrations have been arranged for high summer, with a review by the Queen at Windsor on the Saturday of Ascot Week and a pageant and banquet on June 2 at the Royal Festival Hall.

Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, is composing a regimental march for the occasion, and an exhibition is

to be held at St. James's Palace from May 30 till June 23.

#### The Missing Colonels

One feature of the exhibition is to be a portrait-review of the twenty officers who, since 1656, have been Colonel of the regiment. These range from the forceful and uproarious founder to the present Colonel, Lord Jeffries, whose record of service with the Grenadiers goes back to the Battle of Khartoum in 1898.

Two Colonels, however, are so far missing from parade: Charles, 2nd Duke of Schomberg, who commanded the regiment from 1691 to 1693, and was killed leading the British forces at Marsaglia, and Lieut.-General Sir Charles Willis, formerly Colonel of the Buffs and M.P. for Toynes, whose command dated from 1726 to 1742. Any portraits—heads, katechs, or full-lengths—of these two officers will be most welcome at Regimental Headquarters.

#### Immortals at the Ball

FOR the last evening of their private visit to Scandinavia in June, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have been invited to be guests of honour at the Order of the Amaranth Ball in Stockholm Town Hall. It is believed that they will accept.

The ball, which is held every other year, has hierarchical associations which are now rare at the democratic Court of Sweden, for the Order whose name it bears has six degrees, and was founded in 1653 by Queen Christina for her particular courtiers in the inner circles of the Court. It lapsed almost immediately and was revived more than 100 years later with the same elegance. Insignia is a green enamelled wreath of laurels, containing two intertwined gold capital A's.

When I tried to penetrate the mystery of these A's I was told that one stands for Amaranth, or Immortal, and the other for Antonio, the first name of Senor Pimentelli, who was Spanish Ambassador to Stockholm during the reign of Queen Christina.

#### A U-Romance

THE problems of U and non-U are still being hotly debated in Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam; and next Friday evening a lecture will be given at No. 39, Belgrave Square, on "U e Non-U nell'italiano parlato."

Meanwhile, Miss Nancy Mitford, the original animatrix of the dispute, has taken refuge from its intricacies and retreated to the French eighteenth century. Her new book, "A Love Affair," deals with Vol-

taire's sixteen-year-long liaison with Madame de Chatelet. The story of how the great fascinator was carried off at the height of his fame and kept tied "to the strings of her huge black taffeta apron" is so well suited to Miss Mitford's sense of the fame and regret her withdrawal from the controversies of current speech. The book should be out next spring.

#### German Sussex

IN 1943 Dr. Heinz Koeppler, a young German-born Oxford don, presented the Foreign Office with a plan for founding a study centre, after the war, at which Germans and Englishmen could discuss political problems.

To Dr. Koeppler's surprise the scheme was adopted and, even more surprisingly, it is still in operation. At Wilton Park, in the depths of Sussex, Dr. Koeppler and his colleagues are now celebrating the tenth birthday of their centre.

Since Wilton Park opened its doors early in 1946 to a bevy of P.O.W. students, nearly 7,000 Germans have entered the centre for discussion courses lasting a month or a fortnight.

#### Hectic Debate

The centre should be run by a scholar and a salesman, and Dr. Koeppler can carry both roles on his broad, well-tailored shoulders. Simultaneously he must try to "sell" the British point of view to his students and persuade the Treasury that the money spent every year—"half the cost of a modern tank"—should not be slashed.

Dr. Koeppler believes that if you want to influence politicians you must talk about politics, and there is no beating about the cultural bush at Wilton Park. When I went there last week I was immediately engaged in a hectic debate on rearmament and reunification by twenty Germans who were just beginning a four-week course. Their views were naive and disturbing, but the Principal was unruffled. "If you think there is no German problem, there is no point in this place. But if you are worried about the future of that country, then you must support us."

#### Theory and Practice

ONE feature of post-war musical life is the emergence of the scholar-executant.

Mr. Ralph Kirkpatrick, an American just turning forty-five, is a prime example of the player in whom are combined the man who knows what ought to be done and the man who can do it. His mammoth book on Scarlatti is a work of practical

instruction, as much as of pure scholarship. (Where others toiled through parish registers in search of Scarlatti's descendants, Mr. Kirkpatrick turned to the Madrid telephone directory, looked up the letter S, and struck lucky at once.)

By training an art-historian, and by curiosity a social observer, he uses his concert tours as a means of furthering these auxiliary passions. His recital tonight at the Victoria and Albert Museum will allow him to gratify both of them at once, for on the walls

he will have the Raphael cartoons, and on the floor before him that least predictable of assemblages, an English audience. ("They're warm, I guess," he says, "but you never know what they'll catch on to.")

#### The Rest Nowise

NOT long ago a leading French publishing house invited 200 "personalities" to choose an "ideal library" of 100 volumes.

Shakespeare and the Bible came top—no surprises there—

but No. 3, Marcel Proust, came way ahead of Plato, Tolstoy, Goethe and Aeschylus; and English readers will be gratified to learn that "Robinson Crusoe" distanced "The Iliad" and "Wuthering Heights" came out forty-three places higher than "The analects."

Not all played fair. Coteau submitted 352 titles. Audiberti confined himself to the "Baker's Handbook" and an anthology of Panamanian rhetoric. Simenon asked for the Paris telephone directory ("essential—for my characters' names")

and Claudel claimed to be too ignorant to choose at all.

But my own small prize would have gone to Francis Poulenc, the composer, for his unmitigated appendix: "Books I'd hate to possess."

#### Metropolitan Conundrum

EVERY metropolitan person is obsessed, at one time or another, with the dream of the perfect small restaurant: the place where, for a sizeable but not excessive price, food of Côté d'Or standard is served to not more than thirty-five people at a time.

Having lately found one such, I propose to divulge not his name—that would be in nobody's interest—but its proprietor's. For, although many writers have dreamed of opening such a restaurant, none of them to my knowledge has ever done so. Mr. Walter Baxter has, however, a double advantage: as a restaurateur he has been through one of the hardest Continental schools, and as a novelist he has written one of the most-admired books of the last ten years: "Look Down in Mercy." Whether a new book will come out of the restaurant I cannot say; but the food, meanwhile, would not disgrace Saulieu or Tôtes.

The address? Not a hundred miles from the Imperial Institute. The name? Well, the French for "stool-pigeon" will not lead you astray.

#### Headpiece Extraordinary

LOCKS windows are, of course, one of the sights of St. James's Street—and this not only for their ancient, glazing and diminutive panes, but because the great hatter has embellished them with exquisite pies drawn from the pre-history of his craft.

The dilapidated beavers, rusted tail hats, and solitary red bowler (c. 1875) are shortly to be joined by the oldest Lock

hat which has so far been traced. A cavalry hat, embroidered, betasselled, and crowned with an imposing Prussian feather, it has been traced to Cornet Andrew Spottiswoode of the Light Horse Voluntary Regiment, who bought it on August 7, 1817, and paid six



guineas, plus an extra half a guinea for the feather.

As Lock's have been in business in St. James's since 1729, even earlier specimens of their craft may be in existence; the present directors would be glad to hear of them.

#### Serving Scholars

WHEN the American Navy decides to adopt a new recruiting slogan, it should try "Join the Navy and Win the World."

Not long ago a Marine Captain won \$64,000 in a TV quiz last week; a senior naval officer upheld the new tradition Rear-Admiral Radfield Mason the commander of the Military Sea Transportation Service—Atlantic, won \$50,000 for naming the twelve labours of Hercules on another television programme. The learned Admiral (he was an intelligence officer during the last war) now has a chance of winning \$100,000—more than enough to buy himself out of the service